



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 42.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 713.

ALBERT AND ELIZA.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

BLAKE immediately made the necessary preparations, and at the hour appointed, they were both upon the spot. They agreed to fire, on a signal given by seconds, at the distance of ten paces. They took their stands, in a cool and deliberate manner, and at the signal given, Palmer fired, and Blake received the ball in his breast. He staggered, but did not fall. A momentary pause ensued—

"Do you intend to fire?" enquired Palmer.

Blake. Are you now satisfied?

Palmer. You are wounded?

Blake. I am.

Palmer. Is the wound mortal?

Blake. It is only a flesh wound.

Palmer. Then I am not satisfied.

Blake. I must then act in my own defence—

They both fired, and Palmer fell. He rolled upon the ground, and expired with a single groan.

Blake fainted through loss of blood, but soon recovered. His wound, it is true, was only a flesh wound, but it was deep, and had opened an artery. Palmer was shot through the region of the heart. His body was removed to the new building, which was unoccupied, and secretly buried in the night. The connections of the parties hushed up the affair, and as no surgeon was called, no other persons were privy to the affair, except the seconds. It was given out that Palmer had fled, on account of a prosecution to be set on foot against him by the friends of Eliza. Blake kept his chamber a few days, and again appeared in public.

Eliza considered herself under the highest obligations to Blake. He had extricated her from a dangerous dilemma; and although she could not receive him on the footing of a suitor, yet gratitude forbade her, totally, to refuse his visits. He was, therefore, frequently at her uncle's, and sometimes permitted to attend her abroad. His conduct now appeared disinterested. He did not attempt to renew his addresses, but behaved to her more like a guardian friend and brother, than a lover; and so generously candid were all his actions, that she finally admitted his visits without reserve.

Winter came, and the time had elapsed in which Albert was expected. Eliza had, one day, been reading his letter, when she was suddenly called away by her aunt, on some business. In her absence, Blake entered her room: Albert's letter lay open upon her dressing-table; he hastily ran over the contents—he was thunderstruck! A crowd of chaotic ideas rushed into his mind. He found that Palmer had been only the ostensible barrier to his wishes, and although this obstacle was now removed, yet he had a more formidable one to encounter. But who was Albert? He had never even heard his name mentioned. Whoever he was, it was certain he had not yet returned. It was possible he never might return. Or if he should, it might not be so soon as was expected, and in that case, perhaps Eliza might change her mind; at least his own happiness demanded that

nothing should be wanting on his part, to influence her so to do. Blake hurried away without seeing Eliza, resolving to pursue such measures as future circumstances should require.

Eliza became dejected, as the months rolled away after the time she had calculated for Albert to arrive. She framed a thousand excuses for this delay, and abandoned them almost as soon as framed. She had written to him, after receiving his letter, but had no answer thereto; hence she concluded that he must be about to return, or he would have written to her; and though gloomy presages often crossed her imagination, yet she consoled herself in assurances of his speedy arrival.

Blake was constantly inventing some new entertainment to divert Eliza. Balls, select parties and visiting were the amusements of the winter. As Eliza returned from a visit one evening, attended by Blake, she was agreeably surprised to find her father, who had just arrived, and had come, upon her request, to carry her home.

Eliza was highly pleased with the idea of returning to her family, and again enjoying the pleasures of her native shades; but when her father's business was made known, her cousins so earnestly urged her to tarry through the winter, that, with her father's leave, she consented. The old gentleman, upon an invitation, through Blake, waited on the Governor, and in a few days returned to Long-Island.

The winter passed away, and spring arrived, but no news from Albert. Eliza became melancholy, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to see company. One afternoon, as she, with her uncle's family and Blake, was sitting in the piazza, in front of the house, a well-dressed man approached, who, after politely complimenting the company, enquired if a gentleman of the name of Blake was there. Blake answered to the enquiry: The stranger said he had just arrived from England, and had the charge of a few letters, one of which was for him, he handed a letter to Blake and then asked if post offices were established in this country, saying he had a letter from a young gentleman in England to his father on Long-Island, which he had engaged should receive safe conveyance. "What is the gentleman's name?" asked Blake. He mentioned the name of Albert's father. Is the young man about to return to America?" enquired Eliza's uncle. "I believe he will not soon return," answered the stranger; "he went over to take possession of an estate which descended to him from his ancestors, and which he obtained."—"You knew him, then!" interrupted Eliza's aunt.—"Knew him, madam! very well, indeed; he is my particular friend. Had it not been for my advice, he would not so easily have made his fortune. A young lady, with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, fell desperately in love with him; he made some scruples, and talked of attachments in this country, but we soon jeered him out of such silly notions; he married the lady, and now figures away in his coach and six, among the first characters in London."

During this short narration, Eliza, with all the symptoms of the keenest anxiety, kept her eye

fixed upon the speaker, until he mentioned the marriage of Albert, when, suddenly, a death-like paleness overspread her face, intermingled with flashes of glowing red; she was sinking from her seat, when her aunt took her arm and assisted her into the house, and the stranger departed.

For several days, Eliza did not leave her chamber, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take any kind of nourishment. She gave herself up to keenest reflections, and the severest anxieties of grief, which,

-----"Like a worm in the bud,

"Fed on her damask cheek."

As the tide of sorrows gradually abated, she was left a monument of its ravages. On that countenance where joy and delight, late sported with a thousand varying graces, pale melancholy now sat enthroned, in gloomy silence. The wound which Albert's perfidy had inflicted in her bosom, was too deep for the balsam of time to heal.--- Could it be possible he should prove thus faithless? Could he give that hand to another, which with the most solemn adjurations, he had devoted to her? could that heart become susceptible of other impressions, which once glowed only with her charms, and beat for her alone?—"Cruel fortune," she would say, "how wretchedly hast thou deceived me! Thy gold, thy tinsel, and thy splendors, have allured him from the path of rectitude; for although he has given his hand to another, his heart is still with Eliza; and though he may, for a while, riot in luxurious dissipation, yet shall the pathos of repentance wring his bosom, when the gay, deceptive objects which now surround him, shall be stript of their false attire, and lose their delusive power to charm!"---Infatuated girl! thou hast yet but partially experienced the fascinating influence of grandeur and of novelty. Thy thoughts are innocent; deception finds no place in thy breast. Such was Albert when he left the peaceful shades of his rural dwelling. He loved, and his love was as sincere as thine. But so sudden a transition from the simple walks of Nature, to the most exalted refinements of Art; his immediate acquisition of property; frequent intercourse with fashionable circles; the long absence, and the wide distance which separated him from the maid of his early choice; and, above all, the delicate and irresistible attractions, and tender solitudes of female blandishment, must, unless Albert possessed more than human firmness, weaken, at least, if not totally disengage, all prior attachments. This extenuation, however, did not present itself to the anguished mind of Eliza. She considered him as the murderer of her peace, and as the assassin of all her future prospects of happiness. Recollection, and the disappointed delusions of anticipation, constantly harassed her senses, and she languished under all the bitterness of the most poignant sorrow.

But the storm of grief began, at length, gradually to subside. Pride came to the assistance of disappointed hope, and a delicate resentment, prompted by a deep sense of injury, succeeded to sensations of the most ardent affection. Was Albert capable of such perfidious volatility?---

Could he, in defiance of the most sacred obligations and seemingly sincere professions, thus abandon her to misery and wretchedness, for the paltry consideration of property and fame? Or was it more probable that the brilliancy of new objects had raised a new passion in his bosom? Amid the constellated beauties of London, some one had been found whose charms and graces had dissolved the ties between herself and Albert, by changing his boasted sincerity into inconstancy, and rendering the simple Eliza, the object, perhaps, of ridicule and contempt; at least of cold neglect and inattention. Whatever was the cause, his affections were now, inviolably, the property of another, and she determinately resolved

-----"To drive him out from all her thoughts,
"As far as she was able."-----

After taking this firm resolution she became more composed, but was averse to receiving any kind of company. Blake had frequently called, and was told she was indisposed; but as soon as she was able to walk out, he was permitted to attend her. Their walks were, by her desire, in the most unfrequented parts of the city, and generally, in the twilight of the evening. When she was not disposed to walk, he would frequently sit in her room, and read to her passages from some amusing book, which tended to exhilarate her spirits, detach her ideas from gloomy subjects, and lead them to the more brilliant fields of fancy. Sometimes she consented to ride out with him, a little distance from the city, in his coach. By such attentions he became her principal confidant; but she did not intrust him, or any other person, with the affair of Albert. Her uncle and aunt had some little knowledge of the circumstances; her confidant knew nothing of them. Her indisposition was imputed to other causes; her aunt, however, had reasons for a different opinion.

[To be continued.]

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds.---I advise you to read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and if you like, the stories of prudent generous love. You dress well, and have the belle air and mein; be as polite in your language as in your dress; and learn to write a stile, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious a little application forms you good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some be mutes and statues, in company; nor as others perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs beneath them.

Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners nor a powdered tortured head with a short foppish tail for gentility, nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trimmed off with a groove or two of velvet binding and a vest about six inches long, for an independent fortune, no servile cringing for true love.---Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom; but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of mending at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience. To conclude, I inform you that a party of ladies in the next house talk so fast and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, at Wigton, was lately called in to make the will of an elderly lady in the neighborhood; when, amongst other appropriate admonitions to her children, she thus accosted her eldest son---"Now, John, I have made my will. I hope I have made my peace with God, and that after I am gone, I trust thee and all our friends will be agreeable. But there is one thing more, John, I have, in particular, to desire of thee."---"What is that, mother?" (replied the son) and if it be in my power to comply with your request, you may depend upon it I will." It is this, John;---I desire thou wilt never hold the quart too long in thine hand; for thou canst not tell how dry thy next neighbor may be. [Lond. paper.]

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

HOW sweet, how passing sweet, to rove
Where fits unseen the minstrel of the night,
And trills such music o'er the hill'sing grove,
As, sure, might harmonize the rudest spirit!
Then, while the moon from her meridian height,
And all the countess stars that round her burn,
Shed o'er the tranquil scene their tender light,
The soul, sublim'd, each earthly care may spurn,
And tow'rd its native heaven with holy longing turn!
Then, nought of discord harsh thine ear shall wound,
Like theirs, who tread the city's crowded ways!
The distant water's faintly murmuring sound,
The whispering wind that thro' the foliage strays,
The tinkling bell of sheep that startled gaze,
The clock's deep chime from half hid village spire,
The watchful dog at fancied thief who bays,
Tho' simile all their tones, such thoughts inspire,
That from thy bosom far shall passion's brood retire.
E'en beauty triumphs in diviner charms,
And bids the heart with tend'rer feelings glow,
When seen where nought, or sickness, or alarms,
Than mid the haunts of riot, glare, and show,
Where laugh the skies above, and plains below,
Her airy form more winning grace assumes,
With more luxuriant ease her tresses flow,
Her speaking eyes more dazzling light illumine,
And o'er her dimpled cheek soft health's softest bloom!
'Twas June's first morn---what time the dewy rose
Exhales its fragrance to the solar ray,
And all the flow'ers of the dale unclose
Their subject blossoms, while from verdant spray
The feather'd warbler tunes his matin lay;
That, wand'ring pensive 'mid each op'ning sweet,
I paus'd beside a stile that cross'd my way;
When, the fair being that my eyes did meet---
One half so fair, again, these eyes shall never greet.

Light to the zephyr play'd her ringlets fair,
And now her heaving bosom they unfold:
There dwelt a noble sadness in her air;
Her form was cast in Nature's finest mould;
Her eyes, tho' sweet, as inspiration bold,
To Heaven's heights rais'd; her white hand clasp'd her breast;
And the long struggling sigh that moment told
Things yet, by mortal language, unexpress'd.---
The wishes of the good---the transports of the blest.
With her may Public Beauty e'er compete?
No!---never ball and theatre shall boast,
Tho' all the eddying of the vain career,
One of their brilliant and accomplish'd host,
Tho' fashion-tutor'd, and now fashion's coast.
Thus on the sentiment and taste to gain,
Fashion's frail children, by themselves engross'd,
Those unaffected wiles which best enchain
Affection and esteem, magnanimous disdain.
We stand indebted to the lonely hour
E'en for the sweets that public charms inspire.
Not in the present have those charms their pow'r,
Not in enjoyment most their splendors fire;
But when, in musing moment, we retire
To make the scene of happiness our own:
'Tis then we hang, indeed, on rapture's lyre,
Or breathe to pity's plaint congenial moan;
Then, that the worth of each, at last, is really known.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

BY SOUTHEY.

WHY is the warrior's cheek so red,
Why downward droops his musing head?
Why that slow step, that faint advance,
That keen yet quick retreating glance?
That crest'd head in war tower'd high,
No backward glance disgrac'd that eye,
No flushing fear that cheek o'erspread
When stern he strode o'er heaps of dead;
Strange tumult now his bosom moves,---
The warrior fears because he loves.
Why does the youth delight to rove
Amid the dark and lonely grove?
Why in the throng where all are gay,
His wandering eye with meaning fraught,
Sits he alone in silent thought?
Silent he sits; for far away
His passion'd soul delights to stray;
Recluse he roves, and strives to shun
All human kind, because he loves but one!

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

A Countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found the claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming Countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in the moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her," cried the poor man, out of his senses, "I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O sir! my cause is lost." "Pat yourself in my place," says the judge, quite confused, "Could I refuse her?" and saying this, he took a hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The col. who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the Col. paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

OUTLINE OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

AN old bachelor is a being which nature never intended. He is a creature formed out of all these odds and evens which remained after the great work of creation was concluded, when all the finer materials were used for the composition of such as were intended for social enjoyments, what remained was hardly enough to rub round the sides of the crusty mould in which he was formed. Thus formed and thus qualified, a bachelor breathes without the possibility of enjoying happiness himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. The principal business of a bachelor is to keep himself quiet. He gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up; no tender, no social impressions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his drowsy slumbers. If a bachelor is ever in love it is with some favorite dish, or the comforts of his wine cellar. His housekeeper or laundress he can speak to without reserve, and he mostly does so like a tyrant. Of every other woman he stands in awkward or object awe. Against fiery eyes, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and snowy bosoms! against the charms of relative enjoyments, conjugal, parental, filial joys, he is sure proof! A coffee house is his resort, his sanctuary; here he lounges out his useless days, and at night he retires to the miserable possession of his pillow!

ANECDOTE.

A Clergyman in the West of England was much harassed by his parishioners for omitting the Athanasian creed at the stated seasons. Not one of the parish except his clerk John, coincided in opinion with him. The complaints of his flock were at length conveyed to the diocesan, who issued his bull, commanding the offender to read this obnoxious part of the service. In this dilemma, our parson goes over to an organist in a neighboring city, and after much importunity, prevails with his tuneful friend to set the creed to music, for himself and John, in two parts. "You know," says he "I am a fox hunter; set it to a good, jolly, rattling hunting tune." This was done accordingly; and the parson and his clerk made themselves perfect in their respective parts. When the next day arrived, on which this creed was appointed to be used, the whole parish to a man were at church, hoping to enjoy the complete humiliation of the poor parson, thus compelled to swallow the pitter portion in the face of his audience! The service had now proceeded in order, to the creed in question. The congregation was silent; their mouths gaped with expectation. "Next follows," says the parson, "The creed of St. Athanasius, appointed to be said or sung; and, by the grace of GOD, I'll sing it." So now John (turning to the clerk) mind what you're about---here goes" Upon which he and John set up their pipes, and rattled away pell mell most merrily from one end of the creed to the other. The church rang again; the people stared; and the parson was left, in future to the unmolested enjoyment of his own fancies.

SCRAP. Good offices are the cement of society.

SONNET TO BEAUTY.

ENCHANTING nymph of lovely sprightly form!
Of blushing cheek and sweetly sparkling eye;
Charm'd to delight, with melting rapture warm,
To wake the feelings, and to draw the sigh.
Though, playful cupids look'd in ev'ry rose,
That softly blushes on thy dimpled face;
Though, from thy tongue the sweetest music flows,
And ev'ry note possesses magic grace;
Though sweet expression spreads its liveliest ray
O'er ev'ry feature of thy blooming mien;
Though smiling loves and lovely graces play
Upon thy lips or dimples of thy chin---
If heav'nly virtue does not warm thy breast,
Thou art not, nymph! thou never can'st be blest.

ANECDOTE.

THERE is now a curious trial pending in one of the Courts of France. A Lady has instituted a suit against her husband for alimony. The husband admits that he was married to her, but contends that the marriage is not valid because it was contracted merely as a device to save the life of the Lady, who had taken refuge in his house during the sanguinary reign of Robespierre. On the other hand, the wife asserts that the marriage was to all intents and purposes a real one, and that as the Gentleman was kind enough to save her life, he can now do no less than maintain her for life.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1802.

The coach and horses together with a coachman, and a son of Mr Joseph Anthony, of Philadelphia, were on Sunday last, unfortunately lost in the river Delaware. This distressing occurrence happened in the following manner---between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning; the family having road out to their country seat, situated on the river, about 14 miles from the city, the coachman, with Mr Anthony's son William, a promising lad of about 16 years of age, drove to the edge of the river for the purpose of refreshing his horses and cleansing the carriage. Unfortunately, either from not being well acquainted with the shore, or from being unable to turn the horses in time, they got out of their depth, and in their struggle to swim, it is supposed entangled their feet with the harness or shaft, and immediately sunk. The body of the coachman was found near the carriage. That of Mr Anthony's son was found and interred on Tuesday.

Two men were drowned on Saturday from the sch'r Jane, just arrived from Richmond. Phil. pap.

Drowned at Northwood, (N. H.) three men who had been to work on the Turpicks; two by the name of Carr, and the other by the name of Langley. After the fatigue of the day four young men had determined to go into a pond to wash; those two Carr's were of the number; neither could swim, one of them in a playful jump got beyond his depth, he struggled; the other sprang to relieve him and was caught in the embrace of the first. Langley thinking to afford assistance, got to them in their last struggles; they caught him, and all three went down together. What is worthy of remark is, that those two Carrs were twin brothers, and on one day married twin sisters---they have a child each, about five months old---their death was in each others arms, they were taken up and buried in one grave. They were from Vermont; and were industrious worthy citizens: their friends, who is there that dare tell them the news? The Mr Langley, we hear, was of Northwood a young man.

A Mr Kent of Newburyport, on Monday 19th inst. rode out to the Bridge on Deer Island, paid his toll, hitched his horse near the draw, pulled off his coat, tied his hands with his handkerchief, and deliberately jumped over the bridge. He was in the water but a few minutes, but all the means used to restore him were ineffectual. He was a man of considerable property and has left a respectable family of children to lament his awful exit. He has labored under a mental derangement for some time past. Sol. Reg.

On Thursday last week, a child newly born, was found buried in a heap of stones, near Govan's Town. A jury of inquiry gave their verdict of wilful murder; the perpetrator of this horrid act is not yet known. [Baltimore paper.

NEW TROUBLES AT ST. DOMINGO.

Captain Steele, from Port Republican, informs us, that the blacks, taking advantage of the weakness of the French army, which is much reduced by disease and death, were again on the rise, and had already begun to form encampments on the plains of Leonage. This circumstance gave great uneasiness to the planters, who had reason to expect another scene of trouble and massacre.

The rising of the blacks was supposed to be in consequence of the nightly stratagems of the French troops, in taking and massacring all the blacks who had held commissions under Toussaint---being deemed a necessary precaution by General Le Clerc, to deprive them of their commanders in the revolt. N. Y. G.

LONGEVITY.

In 1702, died at Smyrna, one Lupazzolo, at the age of 118 years. He had sixty children by five wives, besides such as were illegitimate. His oldest son died before him, at the age of 85; at which time his youngest daughter was but six years old.

The number of bullocks annually consumed in London, is estimated at 110,000---of sheep and lambs, 776,000---of calves, 210,000---hogs, 210,000---pigs, 60,000---besides a variety of other animal food.---London contains 864,845 inhabitants

SELECTED TOASTS.

Given on the Anniversary of our National Independence.

The civil and military---May the civil be MILITARY; and the military CIVIL.

May the government which is not RIGHT be LEFT. WASHINGTON---The heart of every true American is thy mausoleum.

Agriculture, the parent of Commerce---May they never forget their RELATIONSHIP.

Female worth and beauty---May they never quit the world without leaving COPIES.

The American Fair---May every fair Mother give a WASHINGTON to her Country.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

SILVER nets for the head are coming into vogue; white and gold have an elegant effect. Diamond crests, in a turban a-la Turc, are much admired; they are emblematical of the chastity of the fair wearers. The hair worn off one eye-brow, a-la-Rocamier, seems to obtain some partisans. For full dress; robes of white Persian, covered with silver net, sleeves a-la-Minerva, fastened up with diamond loops, a silver gauze petticoat, festooned up on one side; and a few dashing bells seem to sport beneath, trowsers of white satin or silver muslin, the edges fringed with silver, appearing below the petticoat.

Shoes for full dress are sometimes discarded, and a superb sandal, in the style of the ancients, laced up with silver or variegated cords, are often substituted.

For walking a new species of hat will be adopted, consisting of straw, large, turned up at each side, the crown rather long, and to be worn without ribbon or any ornament: They are very becoming.

White Persian short pelices, trimmed with broad white lace, are extremely elegant; some prefer lilac or buff.

Lace is generally worn, it is introduced into all parts of the dress; the petticoats, pocket holes, sleeves, scarfs, and even the parasols are trimmed with it. The prevailing colors are lilac, pale pink, and straw.

REMARK.

VIRTUE is an ornament to all persons, and no part of beauty is wanting to them who are endowed with it.

TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. TICE's signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-Street, June 12

COURT OF HYM

THUS when along Calabria's sulph'rous cleft
Whilst lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the sea,
In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
Nature awaits some fell catastrophe;
The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares,
But faithful TURTLES refuge seek in pairs.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. JOHN ELLSWORTH, jun. to Miss MARGARET SICKLES, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. JOHN STUYVERSAW, of Bergen, (New-Jersey) to Miss PATTY SHERWOOD, daughter of the late Captain Sherwood, of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. EDMOND D. B. MURPHY, Printer, to Miss MARY DONALDSON, both of this city.

At Fell's Point, (Baltimore) Mr. NICHOLAS LUKE, aged 60, to Miss HANNAH BASK, aged 16.

MORTALITY.

FREED from the troubles of a life of care

The common lot of mortals here on earth,
The pure soul wings thro' unknown worlds of air,
To dwell with Him who first ordain'd it birth.

DIED.

On Monday evening last week, at Providence, (R. I.) in the 44th year of her age (after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with much fortitude and resignation,) Mrs. ZERVIAH WHEELER, wife of Mr. Bennet Wheeler, Editor of the U. S. Chronicle.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip, THE

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

A PERSON,

Who has a few hours to spare in the evenings, wishes to teach on the the Forte Piano. He was organist at one of the first churches in Amsterdam. Apply to the printer.

ACADEMY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the public in general, that he has employed Mr. AARON GARDNER to teach with him in his Academy, No. 1 Fishers-Street, second door from Bowery-Lane, a little north from the New Watch house, a commodious airy and healthy situation. Mr. GARDNER has been regularly educated at the College in Providence, State of Rhode-Island, and has with him credentials sufficient to satisfy any one relative to his morals and literary qualifications. At the said Academy will be taught the various branches of English Literature with accuracy; also, the rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages. The strictest attention paid to order, morality and civil deportment of the pupils; and hope by their assiduous endeavors to merit a reasonable degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows.

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 2 dollars; reading and writing 2 1-2 do. writing and arithmetic, 3 do. English grammar and art of speaking 4 do. geometry and trigonometry 5 do. surveying 5 do. Latin and Greek languages 6 do.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemized plan, and prefers to learn any person to write an eligible fair hand large and small, in three months, they paying strict attention, or he will exact no pay. He will attend on writing and give lessons at their own houses, or at the Academy above-mentioned. W. D. LAZELL.

NB. A Morning and Evening School is now open, and will be attended at the said Academy, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, for purpose of teaching the above branches, or any of them.

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the house No. 51, corner Cortlandt and Greenwich Streets, (late occupied by N. Braffer,) where several Gentlemen can be accommodated the year, or less time. May 28

GRIMBOLD AND STARVLING.

Written from the ballad of "WILLIAM and MARGARET," in the character of a boarding house keeper, and his boarder, who was turned away; the master of the house being tired of always charging his diners, and never receiving a farthing of pay.

'T WAS at the sultry noon-tide hour,
When all folks wanted meat,
In glided STARVLING's meagre form,
To share of GRIMBOLD's treat.

His face was like a spectre's, pale,
Lean as a barber's block,
And shrunk and hollow were his eyes
That wore a hungry look.

So shall the plumpest face appear,
When meat and drink are gone,
Such are the looks that you must wear
When cash and credit's done.

His beard was like a sheaf of straw
From buckwheat feed that grew,
The red was vanish'd from his cheek,
And from his nose withdrew.

For want had, like the canker worm,
Assail'd him in his prime;
The fire went out and left his cheek,
He starv'd before his time.

Landlord! he cry'd, your boarder calls,
Come from a starving jannt,
Now let your cooks relieve me soon,
For if denied I faint.

This is the usual dining hour,
When famish'd folks complain
If empty dishes fill the board
To feed poor hungry man.

Bethink thee, GRIMBOLD, of thy fault,
Thy cook and cookmaid both,
And give me back my mutton chop,
And give me back my broth.

Why did you promise beef to me,
And not your word abide?
Why did you swear to fry some steaks,
When not one steak was fry'd?

How could you say my maw was full,
When lean as any rake?
How could you charge me half a crown,
Yet leave my guts to ache?

Why did you think my pay was good,
Yet make my soup so thin--
And why did I, poor blunderhead!
Think dumplings were therein?

My face, alas! no longer shines,
No more my belly's full,
Sunk are my eyes and sharp my nose,
I am a hungry gull.

An empty dish my comrade is,
A meagre face I bear,
And fast I shall from morn to night,
Till my last grunt you hear.

But hark! the servants warn me hence,
A greasy, growling crew!
Come see, you dogs, how starv'd I am
By such a set as you.

The clock struck three--no dinner came
In trencher, dish or plate;
Poor STARVLING gap'd about the house,
And only heard them eat.

He hasten'd to a butcher's stall,
Where beef and mutton lay,
And stretch'd him out at rustic length
Beside the butcher's tray.

And thrice he call'd his landlord names,
And thrice he curs'd and swore,
Then hung himself to a stall-hook,
And word spake never more.

New-York, July 16.

REMARK: Prudence is the eye of virtue.

THE support and solace that are frequently derived, under the sufferings of life, from Social Connections, do not always stand forward to our view, when those sufferings are presented to our eyes. How sweet to the afflicted is the silent tear, are the soothing tones of sympathy, none but they that have suffered, and been thus consoled, can say.---And thus consoled, by some one or other, the majority of mourners have been.---Where is the man that has wept, and found no one to weep with him? These social consolations are of a secret, and silent nature; they make no noise, like the misfortunes which they remedy; they appear not, along with them, in the front and surface of the situation to which we look; they lie concealed in its recesses, and retire from our view. We hear of sickness, but we see not into the room that is the seat of it; we perceive not the affection that is attending there; whose tender office it is to enliven its languor, and smooth its bed; to "explore the thought, and explain the aching eye." We are informed of shipwrecked fortunes; the crash resounds, and reaches every ear: but we follow not the ruined man in his retirements from the world; we trace not his silent retreat to the hearts who stand open to receive him; our eyes go not after him in his secret entrance into that temple of Friendship which is his sanctuary from the pursuit of Sorrow.---We behold the virtuous victim of calumny robbed of his good name, injured, perhaps, if his life be public, in the public estimation; we regard him, if our judgment have escaped the general delusion, and go not with the voice of the multitude with all the depression of pity, as a temporary outcast from human love; without thinking of the circle of those, whose good of him is protected by intimate knowledge of his merit; that circle of an affectionate few, to which he is able to retire from the frown of the many: within which he sits in peace, and cheered by its genial warmth, listens to the tempest of evil tongues without it, with all the serenity of one, around whose house the wind howls and the rain drives, without being able to penetrate to his pillow, or to his heart.



ANECDOTE.

A new species of domestic depredation has recently been discovered in female servants about to be married, cutting open their masters' and mistresses' best beds, and stealing out a considerable quantity of feathers, in order to make a bridal bed for their own use; this is what these ladies call feathering their own nests.



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CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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N. B. Large editions of new and valuable books, either useful or entertaining, in English and French, have just been made to the said Library from the last importations.

June 26.

13

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For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

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THE MONK.

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Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetter and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchon's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do ---also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.
May 22d, 2m.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

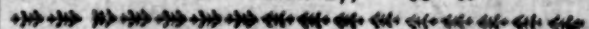
DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE
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This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has soiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.
July 24

M WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen.
March 27, 00 if



Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON,
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[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]

Could he, in defiance of the most sacred obligations and seemingly sincere professions, thus abandon her to misery and wretchedness, for the paltry consideration of property and fame? Or was it more probable that the brilliancy of new objects had raised a new passion in his bosom? Amid the constellated beauties of London, some one had been found whose charms and graces had dissolved the ties between herself and Albert, by changing his bottled sincerity into inconstancy, and rendering the simple Eliza, the object, perhaps, of ridicule and contempt; at least of cold neglect and inattention. Whatever was the cause, his affections were now, inviolably, the property of another, and she determinately resolved

-----"To drive him out from all her thoughts,
"As far as she was able,"-----

After taking this firm resolution she became more composed, but was averse to receiving any kind of company. Blake had frequently called, and was told she was indisposed; but as soon as she was able to walk out, he was permitted to attend her. Their walks were, by her desire, in the most unfrequented parts of the city, and generally, in the twilight of the evening. When she was not disposed to walk, he would frequently sit in her room, and read to her passages from some amusing book, which tended to exhilarate her spirits, detach her ideas from gloomy subjects, and lead them to the more brilliant fields of fancy. Sometimes she consented to ride out with him, a little distance from the city, in his coach. By such attentions he became her principal confidant; but she did not intrust him, or any other person, with the affair of Albert. Her uncle and aunt had some little knowledge of the circumstances; her cousins knew nothing of them. Her indisposition was imputed to other causes; her aunt, however, had reasons for a different opinion.

[To be continued.]

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds. I advise you to read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and if you like, the stories of prudent generous love. You dress well, and have the belle air and mien; be as polite in your language as in your dress; and learn to write a stile, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars but as gentlemen. As you are ingenious a little application forms you good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some be mutes and statues, in company; nor as others perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs beneath them.

Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners nor a powdered tortured head with a short foppish tail for gentility, nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trimmed off with a groove or two of velvet binding and a veil about six inches long, for an independent fortune, nor servile cringing for true love. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom; but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of mending at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience. To conclude, I inform you that a party of ladies in the next house talk so fast and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, at Wigan, was lately called in to make the will of an elderly lady in the neighborhood; when, amongst other appropriate admonitions to her children, she thus acceded her eldest son. "Now, John, I have made my will. I hope I have made my peace with God, and that after I am gone, I trust thee and all our friends will be agreeable. But there is one thing more, John, I have, in particular, to desire of thee." "What is that, mother?" (replied the son) and if it be in my power to comply with your request, you may depend upon it I will." It is this, John. I desire thou wilt never hold the quart too long in thine hand; for thou canst not tell how dry thy next neighbor may be. [Lond. paper.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

HOW sweet, how passing sweet, to rove
Where fits unseen the mistle of the night,
And trills full music o'er the list'ning grove,
As, fare, might harmonize the rustle's spirit!
Then, while the moon from her meridian height,
And all the countless stars that round her burn,
Shed o'er the tranquil scene their tender light,
The soul, sublim'd, each earthly care may spurn,
And tow'rd its native heaven with holy longing turn!
Then, nought of discord harsh thine ear shall wound,
Like theirs, who tread the city's crowded ways!
The distant water's faintly murmuring sound,
The whispering wind that thro' the foliage strays,
The tinkling bell of sheep that startled gaze,
The clock's deep chime from half hid village spire,
The watchful dog at fancied thief who bays,
Tho' simple all their tones, such thoughts inspire,
That from thy bosom far shall passion's brood retire.
Even beauty triumphs in diviner charms,
And bids the heart with tender feelings glow,
When seen where nought, or sickness, or alarm,
Than mid the haunts of riot, glare, and show.
Where laugh the skies above, and plains below,
Her airy form more winning grace assumes,
With more luxuriant ease her tresses flow,
Her speaking eyes more dazzling light illumine,
And o'er her dimpled cheek diffuse health's softest bloom!

'Twas June's first morn---what time the dewy rose
Exhales its fragrance to the soiler ray,
And all the flow'ers of the dale unfold
Their subject blossoms, while from verdant spray
The feather'd warbler tunes his matin lay;
That, wand'ring penive mid each opening sweet,
I paus'd beside a dale that crost'd my way;
When, the fair being that my eyes did meet---
One half so fair, again, these eyes shall never greet.

Light to the zephyr play'd her ringlets fair,
And now her heaving bosom they enfold;
There dwelt a noble sadness in her air;
Her form was cast in Nature's finest mould;
Her eyes, tho' sweet, as inspiration bold,
To heav'n the rais'd; her white hand clasp'd her breast;
And the long struggling sigh that moment told
Things yet, by mortal language, unexpress'd.
The wishes of the good---the transports of the blest.

With her may Public Beauty e'er compeer?
Not--- never ball and theatre shall boast,
Tho' all the edgings of the vain career,
One of their brilliant and accomplish'd host,
Tho' fashion-tutor'd, and now fashion's toast,
Thus on the sentiment and taste to gain,
Fashion's frail children, by themselves engross'd,
Those unaffected wiles which best enchain
Affection and esteem, magnanimous disdain.

We stand indebted to the lonely hour
E'en for the sweets that public charms inspire.
Not in the present have those charms their power,
Not in enjoyment moist their splendora fire;
But when, in musing moment, we retire
To make the scene of happiness our own:
'Tis then we hang, indeed, on rapture's lyre,
Or breathe to pity's plaint congenial moan;
Then, that the worth of each, at last, is really known.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

BY SOUTHEY.

WHY is the warrior's cheek so red,
Why downward droops his musing head?
Why that slow step, that faint advance,
That keen yet quick retreating glance?
That crest'd head in war tower'd high,
No backward glance disgrac'd that eye,
No flushing fear that cheek o'erspread
When stern he strode o'er heaps of dead;
Strange tumult now his bosom moves,---
The warrior fears because he loves.

Why does the youth delight to rove
Amid the dark and lonely grove?
Why in the throng where all are gay,
His wandering eye with meaning fraught,
Sits he alone in silent thought?
Silent he sits; for far away
His passion'd soul delights to stray;
Recluse he roves, and strives to shun
All human kind, because he loves but one!

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

A Countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found the claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming Countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in the moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her," cried the poor man, out of his senses, "I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O fir! my cause is lost." "Put yourself in my place," says the judge, quite confused, "Could I refuse her?" and saying this, he took a hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The col. who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the Col. paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

OUTLINE OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

AN old bachelor is a being which nature never intended. He is a creature formed out of all those odds and evens which remained after the great work of creation was concluded, when all the finer materials were used for the composition of such as were intended for social enjoyments, what remained was hardly enough to rub round the sides of the crusty mould in which he was formed. Thus formed and thus qualified, a bachelor breathes without the possibility of enjoying happiness himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. The principal business of a bachelor is to keep himself quiet. He goes up to bed down, and lies down to get up; no tender, no focal impressions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his drowsy slumbers. If a bachelor is ever in love it is with some favorite dish, or the comforts of his wine cellar. His housekeeper or landlady he can speak to without reserve, and he mostly does so like a tyrant. Of every other woman he stands in awkward or abject awe. Against flattery eyes, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and snowy bosoms! against the charms of relative enjoyments, connubial, parental, filial joys, he is sure proof! A coffee house is his resort, his sanctuary; here he lounges out his useless days, and at night he retires to the miserable possession of his pillow!

ANECDOTE.

A Clergyman in the West of England was much harassed by his parishioners for omitting the Athanasian creed at the stated seasons. Not one of the parish except his clerk John, coincided in opinion with him. The complaints of his flock were at length conveyed to the diocesan, who issued his bull, commanding the offender to read this obnoxious part of the service. In this dilemma, our parson goes over to an organist in a neighboring city, and after much importunity, prevails with his tuneful friend to set the creed to music, for himself and John, in two parts. "You know," says he "I am a fox hunter; set it to a good, jolly, rattling hunting tune." This was done accordingly; and the parson and his clerk made themselves perfect in their respective parts. When the next day arrived, on which this creed is appointed to be used, the whole parish to a man were at church, hoping to enjoy the complete humiliation of the poor parson, thus compelled to swallow the bitter portion in the face of his audience! The service had now proceeded in order, to the creed in question. The congregation was silent; their mouths gaped with expectation. "Next follows," says the parson, "The creed of St. Athanasius, appointed to be said or sung; and by the grace of GOD, I'll sing it." So now John (turning to the clerk) mind what you're about---here goes! Upon which he and John let up their pipes, and rattled away pell mell most merrily from one end of the creed to the other. The church rang again; the people stared; and the parson was left, in future to the unmolested enjoyment of his own fancies.

SCRAP. Good offices are the cement of society.

SONNET TO BEAUTY.

INCHANTING nymph of lovely sprightly form!
Of blushing cheek and sweetly sparkling eye;
Charm'd to delight, with melting rapture warm,
To wake the feelings, and to draw the sigh.
Though, playful cupids lurk'd in ev'ry rose,
That softly blushes on thy dimpled face;
Though, from thy tongue the sweetest music flows,
And ev'ry note possesses magic grace;
Though sweet expression spreads its liveliest ray
O'er ev'ry feature of thy blooming mien;
Though smiling loves and lovely graces play
Upon thy lips or dimples of thy chin---
If heav'nly virtue does not warm thy breast,
Thou art not, nymph! thou never canst be blest.

ANECDOTE.

THERE is now a curious trial pending in one of the courts of France:--A Lady has instituted a suit against her husband for alimony.---The husband admits that he was married to her, but contends that the marriage is not valid because it was contracted merely as a device to save the life of the Lady, who had taken refuge in his house during the sanguinary reign of Robespierre. On the other hand, the wife asserts that the marriage was to all intents and purposes a real one, and that as the Gentleman was kind enough to save her life, he can now do no less than maintain her for life.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1802.

The coach and horses together with a coachman, and son of Mr Joseph Anthony, of Philadelphia, were on Sunday last, unfortunately lost in the river Delaware.---This distressing occurrence happened in the following manner---between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning; the family having road out to their country seat, situated on the river, about 14 miles from the city, the coachman, with Mr Anthony's son William, a promising lad of about 17 years of age, drove to the edge of the river for the purpose of refreshing his horses and cleaning the carriage. Unfortunately, either from not being well acquainted with the shore, or from being unable to turn the horses in time, they got out of their depth, and in their struggle to swim, his supposed entangled their feet with the harness or shaft, and immediately sank. The body of the coachman was found near the carriage. That of Mr Anthony's son was found and interred on Tuesday.

Two men were drowned on Saturday from the sch's lane, just arrived from Richmond ---Phil. pap.

Drowned at Northwood, (N. H.) three men who had been to work on the Turnpike; two by the name of Carr, and the other by the name of Langley. After the fatigue of the day four young men had determined to go into a pond to wash; those two Carr's were of the number; neither could swim, one of them in a playful jump got beyond his depth, he struggled; the other sprang to rescue him and was caught in the embrace of the first---Langley thinking to afford assistance, got to them in their struggles; they caught him, and all three went down together. What is worthy of remark is, that those two Carrs were twin brothers, and on one day married twin sisters.---they have a child each, about five months old.---their death were in each others arms, they were taken up and buried in one grave. They were from Vermont; and were industrious worthy citizens; their friends, who were there that dare tell them the news? The Mr Langley, we hear, was of Northwood a young man.

A Mr Kent of Newburyport, on Monday 19th inst. rode out to the Bridge on Deer Island, paid his toll, hitched his horse near the draw, pulled off his coat, tied his hands with his handkerchief, and deliberately jumped over the bridge. He was in the water but a few minutes, but all the means used to restore him were ineffectual. He was a man of considerable property, and has left a respectable family of children to lament his awful exit. He has labored under a mental derangement for some time past.
Ed. Reg.

On Thursday last week, a child newly born, was found buried in a heap of stones, near Govra's Town. A jury of inquiry gave their verdict of wilful murder; the perpetrator of this horrid act is not yet known.

[Baltimore paper,

NEW TROUBLES AT ST. DOMINGO.

Captain Steele, from Port Republic, informs us, that the blacks, taking advantage of the weakness of the French army, which is much reduced by disease and death, were again on the rise, and had already begun to form encampments on the plains of Leogane. This circumstance gave great uneasiness to the planters, who had reason to expect another scene of trouble and massacre.

The rising of the blacks was supposed to be in consequence of the nightly stratagems of the French troops, in taking and massacring all the blacks who had held commissions under Toussaint---being deemed a necessary precaution by General Le Clerc, to deprive them of their commanders in the revolt.
N. Y. G.

LONGEVITY.

In 1708, died at Smyrna, one Lupazzolo, at the age of 118 years.---He had sixty children by five wives, besides such as were illegitimate. His oldest son died before him, at the age of 85; at which time his youngest daughter was but six years old.

The number of bullocks annually consumed in London, is estimated at 110,000---of sheep and lambs, 776,000---of calves, 210,000---hogs, 210,000---pigs, 60,000---besides a variety of other animal food.---London contains 864,945 inhabitants.

SELECTED TOASTS,

Given on the Anniversary of our National Independence.

The civil and military---May the civil be MILITARY, and the military CIVIL.

May the government which is not RIGHT be LEFT.

WASHINGTON---The heart of every true American is thy mausoleum.

Agriculture, the parent of Commerce---May they never forget their RELATIONSHIP.

Female worth and beauty---May they never quit the world without leaving CORRUPT.

The American Fair---May every fair Mother give a WASHINGTON to her Country.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

SILVER nets for the head are coming into vogue; white and gold have an elegant effect. Diamond ornaments, in a turban a-la-Furc, are much admired; they are emblematical of the chivalry of the fair wearers. The hair worn off one eye-brow, a-la-Rocamire, seems to obtain some partisans. For full dresses; robes of white Persian, covered with silver net, sleeves a-la-Minerva, fastened up with diamond loops, a silver gauze petticoat, festooned up on one side; and a few dashing bells seem to sport beneath, throwers of white satin or silver muslin, the edges fringed with silver, appearing below the petticoat.

Shoes for full dresses are sometimes discarded, and a superb sandal, in the style of the ancients, laced up with silver or variegated cords, are often substituted.

For walking a new species of hat will be adopted, consisting of straw, large, turned up at each side, the crown rather long, and to be worn without ribbon or any ornament; They are very becoming.

White Persian short pelices, trimmed with broad white lace, are extremely elegant; some prefer lilac or buff.

Lace is generally worn, it is introduced into all parts of the dress; the petticoats, pocket holes, sleeves, scarfs, and even the parasols are trimmed with it. The prevailing colors are lilac, pale pink, and straw.

REMARK.

VIRTUE is an ornament to all persons, and no part of beauty is wanting to them who are endowed with it.

TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING.

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. Tice's signature, as none else are genuine, by C. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-Street.---June 18

COURT OF HYMEN.

THUS when along Calabria's sulph'rous coast,
Whilst lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the sea,
In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
Nature awaits some fell catastrophe;
The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares,
But faithful TURTLES refuge seek in pairs.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. P. Moore, Mr JOHN ELSWORTH, jun. to Miss MARGARET SICKELS, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr McKnight, Mr JOHN STUYVESANT, of Bergen, (New-Jersey) to Miss PATTY SHERWOOD, daughter of the late Captain Sherwood, of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pimmo, Mr EDMOND D. B. MURPHY, Printer, to Miss MARY DONALDSON, both of this city.

At Fell's Point, (Baltimore) Mr NICHOLAS LUKE, aged 60, to Miss HANNAH BARK, aged 16.

MORTALITY.

FREED from the troubles of a life of care
The common lot of mortals here on earth,
The pure foul wings thro' unknown worlds of air,
To dwell with Him who first ordain'd its birth.

DIED.

On Monday evening last week, at Providence, (R. I.) in the 44th year of her age (after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with much fortitude and resignation,) Mrs. ZERVIAH WHEELER, wife of Mr. Benet Wheeler, Editor of the U. S. Chronicle.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

A PERSON.

Who has a few hours to spare in the evenings, wishes to teach on the the Forte Piano. He was organist at one of the first churches in Amsterdam. Apply to the printer.

ACADEMY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the public in general, that he has employed Mr AARON GARDNER to teach with him in his Academy, No. 1 Fishers-Breet, second door from Bowery-Lane, a little north from the New Watch house, a commodious airy and healthy situation. Mr GARDNER has been regularly educated at the College in Providence, State of Rhode-Island, and has with him credentials sufficient to satisfy any one relative to his morals and literary qualifications. At the said Academy will be taught the various branches of English Literature with accuracy; also, the rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages. The strictest attention paid to order, morality and civil deportment of the pupils; and hope by their assiduous endeavors to merit a reasonable degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows:

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 2 dollars; reading and writing 2 1-2 do. writing and arithmetic, 3 do. English grammar and art of speaking 4 do. geometry and trigonometry 5 do. surveying 5 do. Latin and Greek languages 6 do.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemized plan, and professes to learn any person to write an eligible fair hand, large and small, in three months, they paying strict attention, or he will exact no pay. He will attend on writers, and give lessons at their own houses, or at the Academy above-mentioned.
W. D. LAZELL.

NB. A Morning and Evening School is now open, and will be attended at the said Academy, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, for the purpose of teaching the above branches, or any of them.

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the house No. 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich streets, (lately occupied by Mrs. Brasher,) where several Gentlemen can be accommodated by the year, or less time,
May 18

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

GRIMBOLD AND STARVLING.

Written from the ballad of "WILLIAM and MARGARET," in the character of a boarding-house keeper, and his boarder, who was turned away; the master of the house being tired of always charging his diners, and never receiving a farthing of pay.

'Twas at the sultry noon-tide hour,
When all folks wanted meat,
In glided STARVLING's meagre form,
To share of GRIMBOLD's treat.

His face was like a spectre's, pale,
Lean as a barber's block,
And shrunk and hollow were his eyes
That wore a hungry look.

So shall the plumpest face appear,
When meat and drink are gone,
Such are the looks that you must wear
When cash and credit's done.

His beard was like a sheaf of straw
From buckwheat seed that grew,
The red was vanish'd from his cheek,
And from his nose withdrew.

For want had, like the canker worm,
Assail'd him in his prime;
The fire went out and left his cheek,
He starv'd before his time.

Landlord! he cry'd, your boarder calls,
Come from a starving jaunt,
Now let your cooks relieve me soon,
For if denied I faint.

This is the usual dining hour,
When famish'd folks complain
If empty dishes fill the board
To feed poor hungry men.

Behold thee, GRIMBOLD, of thy fault,
Thy cook and cookmaid both,
And give me back my mutton chop,
And give me back my broth.

Why did you promise beef to me,
And not your word abide?
Why did you swear to fry some steaks,
When not one steak was fry'd?

How could you say my maw was full,
When lean as any rake?
How could you charge me half a crown,
Yet leave my guts to ache?

Why did you think my pay was good,
Yet make my soup so thin--
And why did I, poor blunderhead!
Think dumplings were therein?

My face, slack! no longer thinner,
No more my belly's full,
Sunk are my eyes and sharp my nose,
I am a hungry gull.

An empty dish my comrade is,
A meagre face I bear,
And fast I shall from morn to night,
Till my last grunt you hear.

But hark! the servants warn me hence,
A greasy, growling crew!
Come see, you dogs, how starv'd I am
By such a set as you.

The clock struck three--no dinner came
In trencher, dish or plate;
Poor STARVLING gap'd about the house,
And only heard them eat.

He hasten'd to a butcher's stall,
Where beef and mutton lay,
And stretch'd him out at useful length
Beside the butcher's tray.

And thrice he call'd his landlord names,
And thrice he curs'd and swore,
Then hung himself to a stall-hook,
And word spoke never more.

New-York, July 16.

REMARK. Prudence is the eye of virtue.

MORALIST.

THE support and solace that are frequently derived, under the sufferings of life, from Social Connections, do not always stand forward to our view, when those sufferings are presented to our eyes. How sweet to the afflicted is the silent tear, are the soothing tones of sympathy, none but they that have suffered, and been thus consoled, can say. And thus consoled, by some one or other, the majority of mourners have been. Where is the man that has wept, and found no one to weep with him? These social consolations are of a secret, and silent nature; they make no noise, like the misfortunes which they remedy; they appear not, along with them, in the front and surface of the situation to which we look; they lie concealed in its recesses, and retire from our view. We hear of sickness, but we see not into the room that is the seat of it; we perceive not the affection that is attending there; whose tender office it is to enliven its languor, and smooth its bed; to "explore the thought, and explain the aching eye." We are informed of shipwrecked fortunes; the crash resounds, and reaches every ear; but we follow not the ruined man in his retirements from the world; we trace not his silent retreat to the hearts who stand open to receive him; our eyes go not after him in his secret entrance into that temple of Friendship which is his sanctuary from the pursuit of Sorrow. We behold the virtuous victim of calumny robbed of his good name, injured, perhaps, if his life be public, in the public estimation; we regard him, if our judgment have escaped the general delusion, and go not with the voice of the multitude with all the depression of pity, as a temporary outcast from human love; without thinking of the circle of those, whose good of him is protected by intimate knowledge of his merit; that circle of an affectionate few, to which he is able to retire from the frown of the many; within which he sits in peace, and cheered by its genial warmth, listens to the tempest of evil tongues without it, with all the serenity of one, around whose house the wind howls and the rain drives, without being able to penetrate to his pillow, or to his heart.

ANECDOTE.

A new species of domestic depredation has recently been discovered in female servants about to be married, cutting open their masters' and mistresses' best beds, and stealing out a considerable quantity of feathers, in order to make a bridal bed for their own use; this is what these ladies call feathering their own nests.

H. CARITAT'S

Extensive and Increasing CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 1 of the CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY,
In order to accommodate the subscribers, or those who would wish to become so, the present moderate terms are offered to them:

For one set at a time, not to exceed 4 vols. 12mo.

6 dollars	for	12 months
3 50 cts.	for	6 months
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For two sets, or books to the amount of six vols.

The less or the whole number of the books delivered and returned at one time.

8 dollars	for	12 months
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3 75 cts.	for	3 months
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Subscribers residing in the country will be entitled to 6 and 8 vols. 12mo. according to their subscriptions. The distance at which they live, will be considered to their satisfaction, for the time that they may be allowed to keep the books.

Subscribers occasionally in the country, to pay extra for the books they take above the allowance made them in the town, as follows:--3 cents a day per 12mo. 4 cents per 8vo. and 5 per 4to. vol.

N. B. Large editions of new and valuable books, either useful or entertaining, in English and French, have just been made to the said Library from the last importations.

June 26. 13

Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Novels,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE MONK.

A Romance. By M. G. Lewis, Esq.

THE ABBESS.

A Romance. By W. H. Ireland.

JULIA, and the ILLUMINATED BARON.

A NOVEL.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,

AND HER BENEFACTORS.

By Mrs. Becket.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:

A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson.

TALE OF THE TIMES.

By the author of "A Gossip's Story."

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE;

A Romance.

MAID OF THE HAMLET.

By Regina M. Roche.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchon's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price--pints 1 dollar 25 cents--half pints 75 cents.

May read, am,

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.

July 24

M. WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their patronage, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen.

March 27, 00 of

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]